

The Bay of Tunis arrived in Paris and was filled with enthusiasm.

Radium is going up to \$160,000 an ounce. Please give us a nickel's worth.

Business in some of the London theaters is said to be nearly as bad as some of the plays.

If that "decisive battle" at Ta Tehe Kiao comes off the news will set everybody to sneezing.

There would be no talk of lynching in New Jersey if justice were as swift and sure as Jersey lightning.

The British gharukas have captured the Gyangtse jong. How clear the whole plan of campaign is now!

A summer girl who assumed the bucolic role of milkmaid at Seabrook on the Bay is now wearing a gored skirt.

There are times when one feels it would have been more judicious to put the money in a mackintosh than in a panama.

All New York's passenger boats are to be inspected again. What a fine new lock the stable always has after the horse is stolen!

A Kansas man has left his wife "because she was too kind to him." Nature hath made strange fellows in her time.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

There is a suspicion that the Dove of Peace has gone into training with a view of making a public appearance in the far East in the near future.

It is now pretty conclusively admitted that the great American prune when labeled "grown in France" makes good eating at home or abroad.

Lord Kitchener has made up his mind never to marry. In other words, he wishes American girls to understand that he doesn't need the money.

The wail comes from Manila that resident Americans won't go to church. Evidently the traveled Americans can't shake off home habits.

The Duke of Manchester is doubtless glad to note that Mr. Zimmerman of Cincinnati is at the head of the new railroad combine. There's millions in it.

That red ant they are importing for the cotton fields appears to serve the double function of killing the boll weevil and keeping the cotton pickers lively.

Lucky Highball! He died in the height of his glory and will never have to hear the other cab horses tell him it isn't what you used to be but what you are to-day.

Among the other heroines of peace is the girl who gives her correct age to the marriage license clerk when she happens to be a little older than the man of her choice.

Mr. Rockefeller's old school teacher has a lot of poems he wrote when a youth and talks about publishing them. John D. is in for a requisition of 40 Harper power this time, sure.

The Columbus man who reported to the police that a thief had stolen his pants, made a great mistake. The charge would have been made grand larceny if he had thought to call 'em trousers.

With advancing years King Edward is developing quieter tastes in the matter of apparel. At Ascot he wore "a blue frock coat, a purple tie, white gaiters and a red flower"—an almost somber ensemble.

When it is known that it took place in Spain no further seeking is necessary for the cause of the darkened spirit which led eight women to boll a sister to death in the effort to rid her of a demon.

He is a mean thief who will steal the jewels belonging to a bishop's wife, but no doubt Mrs. Potter's diamonds sparkle just as temptingly as though they had been the property of some comic opera celebrity.

American citizens of Italian ancestry, and others as well may be interested to learn that the closest living relative of George Washington is Mrs. Attilio Morosini, wife of a son of Giovanni P. Morosini, a New York banker, who before her marriage was Mary Washington Bond. She is a great-granddaughter of Samuel Washington, a brother of the general.

If the list of American heiresses who have secured divorces from foreign noblemen keeps increasing their circle will soon be no more exclusive or select than that of the heiresses who capture noblemen and do not get divorces.

A current item says that Queen Margherita of Italy has a lace handkerchief worth \$10,000. We would move to amend this statement by substituting for the word "worth" the words "that cost," in the interest of mere facts.



A Hat for Summer.

An excellent way to utilize a last year's lace collar (the collar which make about to the shoulder seam) is to use it as a trimming for one of your summer hats. With a wreath of flowers and a last year's lace collar the prettiest sort of a hat can be made. Use a frame without much crown, and face it with shirred or plaited chiffon in some becoming shade. Gather the neck of the collar until it forms a tiny crown. Place on the frame, allowing about one and one-half inches to hang over. Tack securely, but loosely. Join the back as invisibly as possible. Surround the crown with a wreath of roses, forget-me-nots or any flower preferred, which will add width to the crown. Arrange the wreath so as to allow a spray of leaves to droop a trifle over the back of the hat, to conceal the joining of the collar.

Any of the soft sash-ribbons which are so charming this season will make a very dainty crown for a hat. The pompadour ribbons scattered with flowers are the prettiest for this purpose. The crown may be in the form of a tam-o'-shanter, or the ribbon may be put over a rather high-frame crown and shirred a trifle at the top. The brim may be of lace, or of tulle or chiffon matching the color of the flower seen in the ribbon.—July Woman's Home Companion.

Recommended for Cook.

Back of the pantry door hang a long white apron, white oversleeves and a white cap; not the pretty coquettish cap worn at cooking school, but a cap of large proportions, fitted with an elastic tape which holds it close around the face. Under this cap not a hair can escape, which precludes any possibility of hairs in the food when one is cooking. The apron and sleeves cover the gown perfectly, so that it is unnecessary to change one's dress when it is time to prepare dinner. If one is careful it is possible to cook without allowing a drop to fall, and having on a good gown teaches one to be careful. The apron and sleeves, as well as the cap, are of white linen—a cheap quality of table linen. They wear for years and are easily washed, besides looking clean at all times. At least when they are soiled one can see it at a glance, and this does away with any chance of cooking with a soiled apron. We insist on our trained nurses wearing white aprons in order to have everything clean about the sickroom. There will come a time when we will realize that it is as important to be surgically clean in the kitchen when people are well, in order to keep them so, as it is to be thus clean in the sickroom, in order to cure them when they are ill.

Box Coat.

Box coats of linen, taffeta and pongee make the smartest of all the season's wraps and are as comfortable as they are fashionable. This one is made of natural colored linen with pipings of red and matches the skirt, but white and all colors are used and silk and velvet are greatly in vogue for odd wraps as well as for costumes. When liked the collar can be omitted and the neck finished with a facing only.

The coat is made with fronts and backs, and is fitted by means of shoulder, under-arm and center back seams. The sleeves are in regulation coat style, with roll-over cuffs, and a pocket



is inserted in each front. As illustrated the closing is made invisibly by means of buttons and buttonholes worked in a fly.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3½ yards 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 44 inches or 2 yards 52 inches wide.

Girl's Blouse Costume.

No style of frock suits little girls better than this simple one, which consists of blouse and box plaited skirt. The model is made of white linen trimmed with banding of blue and white, and is charmingly dainty and attractive; but natural colored linen and all the simpler washable fabrics of the season are equally appropriate for immediate wear and flannelette and serge for the cooler days.

The costume consists of the skirt, body lining and blouse. The skirt is

box plaited, each plait being stitched at its edges to yoke depth, and is joined to the body lining, the two being closed at the centre back. The blouse is made with fronts and back, and is finished with a box plait at the centre front beneath which the closing is made. At the neck is a big sailor collar and the sleeves are full, laid in box plaits above the elbows and forming puffs below.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is 3 yards 27 inches wide, 6½ yards 22



inches wide or 4½ yards 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards of banding to trim as illustrated.

Of Silk Handkerchiefs.

A writer in the current number of Good Housekeeping tells how she made a concert waist out of four large silk handkerchiefs. She was soprano in a glee club and had gone out of town for a concert. On opening her suit case at the theater she found that the bodice of her gown was missing. Consternation reigned, for there could be no concert without a soprano, and in half an hour the curtain was to go up. But the sister of the soprano was an ingenious person, and, dashing to the men's dressing room, she demanded all the white silk handkerchiefs they possessed. The handkerchiefs were produced—four of them. One made the back of the bodice and one the front, and the other two did duty as sleeves. Some spangled tulle, stripped from the skirt, hid the pinned sleeves, and a bunch of chrysanthemums covered up the peculiarities of the waist line. Even at the reception which followed the concert no one detected the impromptu character of this garment and some one remarked: "What a pretty little waist that soprano has on."

"Machine for Magnifying Time."

"A machine for magnifying time" is the misleading name given to a new electrical invention which makes it possible to observe rapidly moving wheels and other parts of machines more clearly. By its means one may watch the stitch of a sewing machine and see exactly how it is made, or observe the flying spokes of a bicycle wheel, which, to the naked eye, would appear but a flimsy spider's web, and note exactly the vibrations and strains. The machine that produces this result is simple once the principle is clearly understood. By means of electric sparks fired at rapid intervals the machine is illuminated. If the flashes coincide exactly with the revolutions of the machine they will show it always in one position, and the machine will seem at rest. By slightly retarding the flashes so that they lag behind their time the machine under observation will seem to move slowly. This is because at each revolution the machine is shown at a slightly later stage. The machine is called the stroboscope, and will prove of great use in studying the effects of rapid motion.

Not for Rude Boreas.

"Twentieth century fashions," sighed a dame, "forgot there were such things as winds. These plaited skirts we wear are veritable wind traps. These large hats draped in lace, with broad, floppy brims, are like so many balloons for catching the wind and flying up from their moorings unless we grab them and hold them firmly down. Our boas and our stoles, how they rise up and hit us in the face or wind themselves round and round our neck like a hangman's noose! These fashions were devised for wear in a country where it is always afternoon, not in blowy, blustering, wind-swept America."

And Now It's Wicker!

The newest thing in parasol handles is the wicker finish. The knob or crook end is used, and a bow of ribbon matches the color prevailing in the cover. These wicker handles are especially effective with pongee parasols.

The Curtain Veil.

Among the recent importations are lace veils, 52 inches square, which are just now the rage on foreign race tracks. They are draped over the entire hat and permitted to fall over the face like a curtain.

AN EXCITING SNAKE HUNT.

Hair-Raising Experience of a Sportsman in India.

Tales of tiger shooting in India are common enough, but one does not hear much about king cobra hunting. A Merwyn Smith tells how, accompanied by two natives, he went to a spot where a pair of king cobras were known to be. On arrival at the place he was made to get under a basket, the meshes of which were too small for a king cobra to put its head through. While he was beneath this basket one of the snakes came out and was shot with arrows by natives. The other cobra then appeared and endeavored to overturn the coop. Describing the incident, the writer says: "The terror of that moment I cannot express. What if it should overturn the basket! The strength of thirteen feet of muscle must be enormous, and if used in the right direction would soon overcome my pull at the cord. What would then happen? Certain death for me, I felt sure. Again the whiz of an arrow and I saw a gaping wound along the neck of the fierce brute as it quitted its hold to look for this new foe. Fixing my knee on the cord, I now placed the muzzle of my gun just through one of the square openings in the basket, and, aiming at the hood, fired both barrels in rapid succession, and had the satisfaction of seeing the horrid brute fling up the leaves and dust in its death throes."

A Surprise Visit.

A Pittsburg man told H. C. Frick the other day that on his vacation he and his entire family would surprise a brother in Sioux City with a two weeks' visit.

"Don't do it," said Mr. Frick. "Send your brother word first. These surprises are not always welcome. I remember a West Overton man who planned just such a surprise as you are contemplating, and the result left him pretty dubious."

"This man sent his three children on a surprise visit to a cousin in Altoona. The children stayed a week, instead of the month that had been counted on. On their return their father said to them:

"Well, were cousin Harold and his wife glad to see you?"

"Rather!" replied the oldest boy. "They asked why didn't we bring you and mother and the cook and the dog and the canary bird, too?"

Boy Was in Luck.

Police Commissioner McAdoo relates some amusing incidents which occur in a police court, relieving the general dreariness of the day's doings. Recently a "white wings" and a messenger boy were arrested for fighting over the possession of a bill. "White wings" charged the boy with having snatched it up from the street when he dropped it from his pocket. "What is the denomination of the bill you dropped?" inquired the justice. "One dollar, your honor," answered the man, on a venture. The messenger boy's grin reached from ear to ear as he unfolded in his dirty hand a greenback much the worse for the wear and tear of the scuffle for its possession. It was a ten-dollar bill. The case was dismissed and the boy, turning to the policeman, said:

"I'm glad yer took me in, fer I of fered to divide wid him. See?"—New York Times.

Had Been Neutralized.

J. Adam Bede of Minnesota has discovered a new description of the process a foreigner undergoes in attaining citizenship rights in this country. He says he was out in the West not long ago. He met a group of men who were talking of their different nationalities. Among them were representatives of a half dozen different countries. Among them were a Scotchman, a German, an Italian, a Swede, a Frenchman, and finally, says Bede, one fellow sighed for his sills in the mountains of the Nordland and announced that he was a Norwegian, but had been "neutralized!"

Story of Real Hard Luck.

Perhaps the most pathetic experience reported by any of the Chicago delegates is that of the tall Missouri man who complained: "Here I've paid a fare and one-third for the round trip, put up \$1 apiece for meals in a dining car that I didn't want and that nearly foundered me, and dragged my satchel around town for two hours looking for a bed. Finally I got permission to sleep in a bathtub for \$5 a night, and the first night a fellow across the hall came in in the dark to get a drink, turned on the water and nearly drowned me."

Sousa's Many Decorations.

John Philip Sousa, the conductor, has received notice of his promotion from Officier de l'Academie Francaise to "Officier de l'Instruction Publique" of France. The new distinction gives Mr. Sousa the golden palms and rosette of the French academy. He is the only American who has received this decoration. He is also a member of the Royal Victorian order of England, having been decorated by King Edward VII. three years ago.

Japs Were in Earnest.

When the war broke out, the libraries on the Japanese ships were cleared of all fiction and illustrated papers, only technical treatises being allowed to remain. This is in significant contrast to the Russian ships at Port Arthur, which were provided with ping-pong tables.

King's Mounting Ladder.

Emperor William mounts his horse by means of a carpet-covered step-ladder.

WHISTLER'S PEACOCK ROOM

It Has Been Moved from the Late F. R. Leyland's House and Is Exhibited in a London Gallery

From time to time many people have wondered what would be the ultimate fate of Whistler's "Peacock Room," one of the best known and least known of his works. Everybody has heard of it, but few have seen it. Its present fate is to be in the market.

The "Peacock Room" was, of course, designed for, and to some extent in spite of, the late Frederick Richard Leyland. It developed out of the dining room in his house in Prince's Gate.

A large part of this house had been decorated by Norman Shaw, with the assistance of another architect, named Jeckyll, and of Murray Marks. The dining room was entirely Jeckyll's work.

He designed a wooden ceiling, with pendent lamps, and on the walls an elaborate shelving for the display of Mr. Leyland's fine collection of oriental china. This shelving was carried out in walnut wood, and the panels were fitted with brown Spanish leather decorated with small flowers. The leather alone cost £1,000.

When Mr. Leyland bought Whistler's "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," which occupied a position of honor in the memorial exhibition at Boston, he placed it in a recess above the mantelpiece of his dining room; and here, so Whistler thought, the surroundings were not quite suitable to the picture.

The leather was too dark and the flowers were too red. The interferred with the delicacy of his own tints. They were as vulgar fellows in a gracious presence.

So, with the owner's consent, the

months—a remarkable achievement.

The brown leather became a deep, rich, greenish blue—the peacock blue. The red flowers faded quite away. Woodwork was lacquered. Flat spaces were gilded.

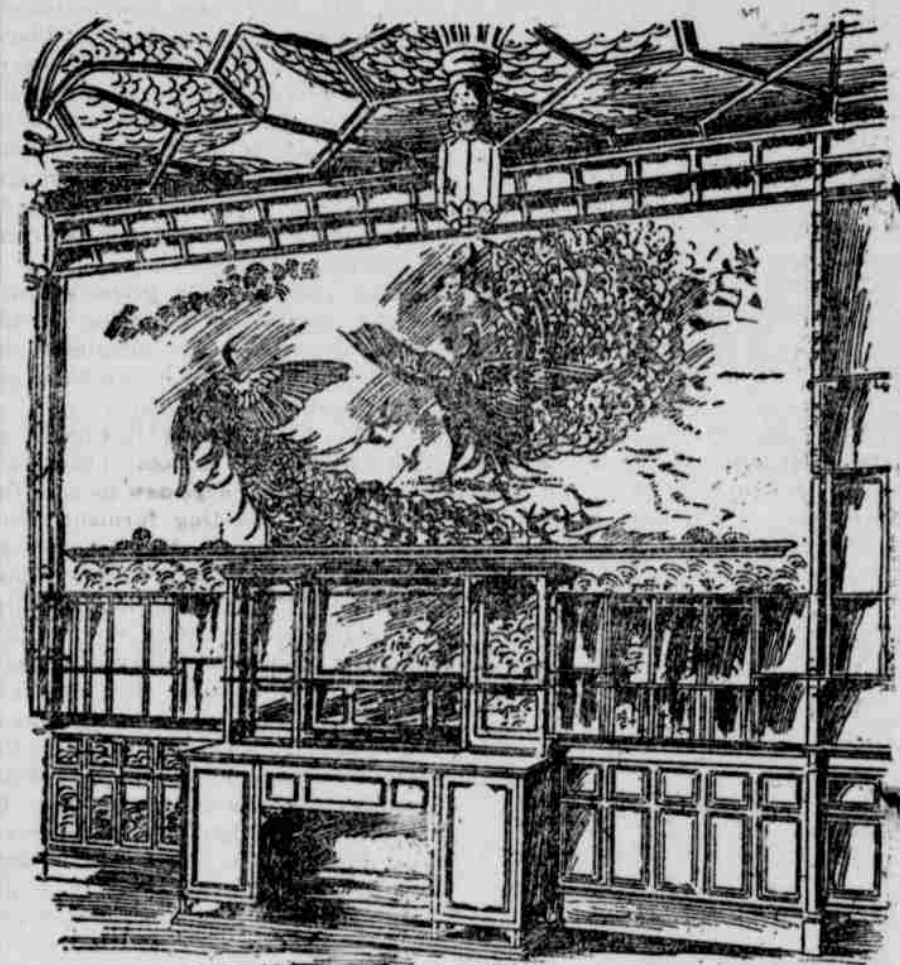
Gold got into the hair of the busy decorators. Gold covered their faces. Paint dropped into their eyes. But on they worked, Whistler now bent upon the floor, now on a scaffolding, now in a hammock slung from the roof, and using sometimes a brush fastened to the end of a fishing rod.

Confronting the "Princesse," above a sideboard which Whistler probably designed himself, and spreading nearly across the end of the room, came the superb panel of the two quarrelsome peacocks—gold and silver on blue. Three splendid peacock designs were placed upon the closed window shutters. Upon all the walls spread harmonies of gold and blue.

Originally well proportioned, and suitably fitted with woodwork, the room became one of the most beautiful rooms in the world. Possibly it is the most beautiful room in the world.

At any rate, it is unique. And in this unique state the "Princesse" lived till Mr. Leyland died. She brought £441 at his sale in 1892. Then she discovered America.

The room, however, kept on staying just where it was, and only recently did it occur to somebody that it might be possible to detach the decorations from the actual structure of the walls. Expert examination made this possibility a certainty, and the "Peacock Room" was intrusted to Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, of the Leicester galleries, Leicester square, for dis-



FAMOUS PANEL OF THE QUARRELSOME PEACOCKS.

It refers to the quarrel between Whistler and F. R. Leyland. The circular spots of silver and gold symbolize the Almighty Dollar. Whistler also designed the sideboard.

artist set about lightening the one and reducing the other with touches of yellow, but at first only in a tentative way. Apparently, it was during the owner's absence from home that a complete scheme of decoration presented itself to the mind of the artist, and characteristically enough he did not seek the owner's consent before beginning the new work.

Nearly thirty years have gone by since it all happened. Artist and owner are dead, and it is difficult to know just what each said to the other when they next met. Much gossip may be read about the matter in the Whistler books.

It is certain that there were disagreements. It is certain that as a consequence of these Whistler introduced into his decoration a symbolic representation of the Almighty Dollar, for there it is to be seen to-day.

All the decorations seem to have been carried out by Whistler with only one assistant, and to have been completed in little more than six

posals. They sold it to Messrs. Obach of 168 New Bond street.

Every panel, every scrap of leather, every stick of wood was carefully detached, wrapped up and numbered in its due relation to the whole. And to-day, for the first time, any member of the general public who possesses half a crown and the improbable desire to spend it on aesthetics may behold the "Peacock Room," skillfully reconstructed, in Messrs. Obach's galleries. All relative arrangements have been carried out with taste and judgment, and the exhibition will remain open for not less than a month and probably longer.

The place of the "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine" is at present occupied by a mirror. If this room could be secured for America, and if the "Princesse" could be restored to her throne room, designed by a great artist in defiance of all social conventions, for the sole purpose of displaying her beauty, future generations would be grateful.—New York Sun.

He Wanted the Classics.

Appropos of Col. Edwin Emerson, Jr., war correspondent in Japan, whose erroneously reported death in Manchuria was one of the topics of conversation last week, he is a much younger man than his title of colonel would suggest. A Baltimore lady recalls being the guest of his father, Prof. Emerson, in Munich, Bavaria, when the still youthful scribe was an infant of six summers. Prof. Edwin Emerson and his Maryland guest were starting for an afternoon tea when Edwin, Jr., was discovered sitting disconsolately on the floor.

"Why, what is the matter, my son?" quoth the professor.

"I want something to read," lamented the infant.

"To read?" said his father. "Have not you your 'Mother Goose,' or 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' or 'Grimm's Fairy Tales'?"

"I want something classical," said the six-year-old in scornful tones, and his yearnings were satisfied. Propped on three cushions and a dictionary he was wheeled before the library table and a huge volume of German poetry opened to his inquiring mind.—Baltimore Sun.

Women as Witnesses.

The curious case heard before Judge Smyly last week, in which two middle-aged women of evident intelligence swore to two directly opposite stories, suggests the question whether women make reliable witnesses. The late Lord Chief Justice Russell declared once that where no question of prejudice was concerned a woman's evidence was more valuable than a man's. There is no doubt that in noticing small matters of detail women are much quicker than men and have a much better memory, but they are strongly apt to be influenced by prejudice. During the trial of Canham Reed, the South End murderer, one of the witnesses, an old woman of more than sixty, swore to the identity of the prisoner, although she admitted that she had only seen him once in her life—six months previous—when he passed her hurriedly on a country road at 10 o'clock on a November evening. She declared that she recognized him by the flash of his eye. Such minute evidence as this no man living would venture to give, even in a civil action, much less when a human being's life was at stake.—Tatler, London, Eng.